

London Advertiser

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Senatorial Representation.

The question of senatorial representation, caused by the death of Senator Proudfoot, is receiving some attention. Seats in the Senate should have a very direct relation to the population represented.

In one section of Western Ontario, taking that portion around the lakes, there are three senators, McColg, Donnelly and Pardee. In a district that has about 300,000 population.

Then in the corner of Ontario that takes in Brant, Brantford, Haldimand, Welland, Norfolk, Hamilton, Halton, Lincoln, Peel, Wellington and Wentworth, with a population of about 470,000, there are six senators, Hon. Messrs. Fisher, Blain, Lynch-Staunton, Smith, Robertson, McCall.

Coming to the central part of Western Ontario, including Middlesex, Perth, Elgin, Oxford, Waterloo and the city of London, a combined population of 310,000, there is one representative, Senator Ratz of New Hamburg.

While recognizing the claims of other sections, and not seeking to unduly press the claims of this district, a look at the figures leads to the conclusion that the senatorship belongs to this district. It is some years since London or its immediate district has been honored with senatorial representation.

The fact that this is the distributing, educational and business center of Western Ontario strengthens the claim of London to consideration.

The Opposition Leader.

Newspapers are busy setting for Robert Forke and Hon. Arthur Meighen the question of opposition leadership when the House meets again at Ottawa. It is well that all these matters should be attended to in advance, and newspapers are for that very purpose of attending to other people's business.

Therefore, when the House met early this year the second largest group was that seated around Hon. T. A. Crerar, while Hon. Arthur Meighen was sitting in the front benches of the smallest lot, the Conservatives.

The House had not been in session an hour before Mr. Crerar made a reference to Mr. Meighen as leader of the opposition, doing so in such a way as to make it perfectly clear that he had sought out a chance to make that remark as an announcement of his having declined to become official leader of the opposition.

Mr. Crerar need not with the position just as much as Hon. Arthur Meighen needed it, but he was apparently convinced that he could be of greater service to the West by going through the session as the leader of the agrarian group than as leader of the opposition. Confirmation of this belief was found in June when the West got its Crow's Nest freight rate agreement.

Some critics believed that the Progressive party would have gained in the budget debate by being the official opposition party, recognized as such, and in this way enabled to put in an amendment of their own to the budget. House practice, based on the two-party system, denied them this right, so those who wished to differ with the government tariff plan found they had to vote with the Conservatives on a motion that was small, cramped and the very embodiment of bitter political warfare.

There should be a revision of House ruling to bring procedure more in line with actual conditions. It is not possible, nor according to the spirit of the constitution of this country, that any one great party should be denied the right to submit an amendment to tariff legislation. Such a thing is too arbitrary, a characteristic that was never intended to be displayed in the functioning of our government.

Mr. Forke, if he assumes the same attitude as Mr. Crerar—and he is better fitted financially to do so—will find that there are many points on which he will be moved to support the government. It is hard to see, in view of what has taken place, how the Progressives can hope to make greater progress than they did under the balance of power tactics of Mr. Crerar.

The Man With a Penny.

Writing to a London friend, a man in Glasgow relates an incident that has much of human interest.

"It is a sad sign of the times," he writes, "that the police and the ship-owners of Glasgow have set on foot a campaign for the suppression of a traffic in stowaways. The other day they found no fewer than 16 men hid on board a ship bound for the United States. They were in the forepeak, with, it is suspected, the connivance of the crew, some of whom are alleged to have been paid as much as \$25 for their assistance. Most of the men seemed decent artisans, who had been reduced by poverty to this means of seeking a fresh start on the other side of the Atlantic. They had provided them-

selves with food for the voyage, but they had little money—one of them, in fact, only a penny."

If 16 were found on one boat, and if it has been necessary to start a crusade against the traffic, it must mean there are many men in similar circumstances who want to get away. They consider there is a better chance in United States, and will put up with all sorts of physical hardship in order to have that better chance.

Now, how about these men? Let us take the one who had some food and a penny in his pocket. If he came knocking at the doors of Canada we'd probably ask him how much money he had on him. When we got the answer that his finances were one penny we'd probably have recourse to that fine phrase, "You'll be a charge upon the state."

We can sit back and build up a whole lot of arguments and reasons why we shouldn't let this penny possessor into this country. And after we had all these facts lined up we could look them over and remark quite truthfully how excellent they all were.

And when this has been finished, there stands the man with the penny in his pocket.

Many of the men who came in here and did the pioneer work endured hardship and inspired ideals that survived time and usage were men who had little more than the penny in the pocket.

What really matters is the individual stamp and purpose of the newcomer. The human equation figures largely and clamors for recognition, and this calls for keen discretionary powers on the part of officers standing at our national gates.

The man who will live for a week or so as a stowaway, with only enough food on his person to keep him alive and just one penny in his pocket probably has the spirit of adventure and the will to overcome obstacles that makes him more desirable in the long run than the man who can easily put his hand in his pocket and produce \$200 in cash as reason why he should come in.

Ontario and Its Crops.

Middlesex, the best farming county in Ontario. That is the result one gets from looking over the latest statistics from the department of agriculture at Toronto. Totals show Middlesex in the lead for value of land, buildings, implements and live stock on hand. Some of the provincial leaders in total wealth are:

Middlesex	\$84,484,627
Kent	76,465,711
Simcoe	71,307,598
Huron	69,750,305
Grey	67,623,922
Essex	66,922,252
York	63,753,720
Lambton	62,765,666
Bruce	57,703,158
Oxford	55,477,554
Perth	54,865,286
Wellington	54,036,487

Basing records on the 1921 crop, Perth claims the highest yield per acre for fall wheat, the five highest being: Perth with 28.3 bushels per acre; Huron, 27.1; Wellington, 26.3; Middlesex, 25.4; Oxford, 25.2. Fall wheat was a bigger yield all through than spring wheat, the comparative figures in these counties being:

	Fall	Spring
Perth	28.3	10.1
Huron	27.1	13.1
Wellington	26.3	13.7
Middlesex	25.4	14.3
Oxford	25.2	15.0

The newer lands of Ontario showed their worth in the production of barley and oats, although the yield per acre is disappointingly small all through. Timiskaming grew 34.6 bushels of oats to the acre, Thunder Bay 32.1 and Rainy River 30.2. At present market values such a crop would represent a dead loss.

A very wide difference is shown in market prices. Take potatoes. The average price per bushel shows the leaders as Welland, \$1.18; Essex, \$1.18.4; Elgin, \$1.16.2; Kent, \$1.15.3. Going in the opposite direction, we find Dufferin as low as 62.3 cents per bushel, Manitoulin 69.2 and Grey 71.21. This gives a spread of from 62 cents per bushel in Dufferin to \$1.18 in Welland. Such a difference is hard to justify, as both counties are well situated from the point of marketing such a staple line as potatoes.

Hay was quoted from an average of \$27.47 per ton in Haliburton to as low as \$14.79 in Haldimand; oats from 64.3 in Parry Sound to 38.8 in Kent County; barley at 82.1 in Russell and 53.7 in Essex. Other prices show a spread with corresponding gaps between high and low, with the exception of wheat, the price of which is largely a matter of world conditions, and price differences are largely due to freight rates.

Why these differences? The city man who looks at a bushel of potatoes as a bushel of potatoes might be inclined to think some growers were better merchants. That may have something to do with it, but not much. Take potatoes. Why should Welland, Kent, Essex and Elgin be the high-price counties? That's quite easy—they grow early potatoes in those counties and have them on the market when the merchants are doing them out in small lots at a good figure. The other counties come along with late potatoes, which are lower in price because the market is full.

Why 36 cents for oats in Essex and 63 in Haliburton? Essex grows a great deal of corn and oats; if oats are high, corn comes in to favor for feed. In other words, corn is a competing factor. In Haliburton

oats has the market to itself for that class of feed; railway facilities are not of such a nature that other lines or oats from other places could be brought in. The price of oats is governed there largely by local crops and local demand.

There is enough in the report to make an agriculturist stop and think. Of course, there are cases in 1921 where some crops were good and others poor, these extremes being represented in that year by corn and oats. But this is more or less true in every year's records, and it is impossible to make all the crops go on all fours every year, so that 1921 might as well be taken as any other year. Co-operative marketing might do much, and it would, of course, cover a much wider range of farm produce than is mentioned here, particularly in its relation to perishable commodities. The spread in price of butter, eggs, fruit, poultry, etc., would no doubt show as great a variance as the lines quoted, but it is doubtful if the price of these could be so directly traced to geographical and transportation causes. They would constitute largely a problem of marketing to the best advantage at the lowest cost.

EVERDAY MOVIES.



"I haven't the faintest idea what I want! So I'm going to put myself right in your hands!"

best is he who's done the most listening. The ex-kaiser's wife fired some of his servants. That officially ends the honeymoon season and ushers in the days of brass tacks.

Market says that "German marks remain steady." That's because the windows were all down or the wind wasn't blowing.

The worst thing about quitting a lot of bad habits at the first of the year is that your wife will want to know what you do with all the money thus saved.

English papers tell of an old man who married a rich young girl. Folks say, How did she ever do it? To which we answer, "How did the old man manage it?"

Now French folks are making sealskin coats from rabbits. Muskrat formerly held this field, and will no doubt ask for an inquiry into this latest skin game.

One astronomer in Rumania says he's found a new star. Good work, showing that the folks over there have got to the point where they can once more get their chins up in the air.

Worth-While Reading.

Think what it would have meant in the days of the birth of the British Empire to have had Disraeli to write for you of his hopes and fears.

Suppose for a moment that Gladstone, when the struggle for Irish freedom was new, had been able to talk to you through the columns of your daily newspaper.

A feat comparable only to such an event is the signing of Lloyd George to write for The Advertiser thirty exclusive articles during the coming year on current world affairs.

His first one dealt with Clemenceau's famous speeches in United States, pointing out where Britain stood all through the historic days of the Near East crisis. Now come the views of Lloyd George on the Irish question, right on the heels of the granting of the charter to the Irish Free State.

By its connection with the largest and best papers on the North American continent, The Advertiser is in a position to have the exclusive services in this district of Lloyd George's views on the big questions of the day. It is a feature possessing educational value that can hardly be measured.

This paper has been for some days presenting such outstanding material as Clemenceau's articles, telling, with the love of a French patriot, his views of his own land on international problems; Lloyd George on the Clemenceau speeches, presenting a sane British view on the danger of fanning up another European war; then the remarkable story of Henry Ford, the world's richest man, written by one who is as willing to blame him as he is to praise. That is the class of material The Advertiser is endeavoring to secure for its readers.

Note and Comment.

Sorry, friends, but it's too late now to shop early.

It's hard to tell which way it works, whether fat men get rich or rich men get fat.

In Maine a father and son went out deer hunting. Hereafter the son will have to run the farm alone.

Looks as though some of the world statesmen will keep on talking about wars until they finally get one going.

Did you ever notice that in a controversy the man who comes out

Your Health

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D., Commissioner of Health, New York City.

IN 1886 there started in America a great battle against the white plague, which, of course, is tuberculosis—consumption, we used to call it. In 1886, in New York city, the death rate from tuberculosis was 38 persons out of every 10,000 of the population.

Last year the death rate was the lowest of any years in recorded history, 13 per 10,000 of the population. This is one-third of the appalling record of 34 years ago.

Eight thousand persons died from tuberculosis in 1921. Under the conditions of 1886 24,000 would have died.

In other words, 16,000 persons are alive and well today who would have died last year under the conditions of 1886.

This is a wonderful record. What a pity if the economic conditions of today, lack of food and the housing conditions, should renew the ravages of dread consumption.

To determine the degree of undernourishment present, the New York city health department last year made a survey of a large number of the public schools.

In certain quarters, particularly where many poor families dwell, the number of undernourished children was very high. In one school it was 73 per cent.

This means that out of 100 children examined, 73 had the weight that their height and age demanded. Of course, a child might be underweight and still be healthy.

The survey showed, however, that a very large percentage of these children were so undernourished as actually to be in need of medical attention.

It was found that many of these children were suffering from lack of food, milk particularly. The average consumption in many families was less than a cup of milk per day.

There were several reasons for this. Ignorance of the importance of milk is another reason that cannot be overlooked. Every mother should know that milk is just as essential to an infant and young child as air and water.

Milk is not a beverage, satisfying simply the thirst of the child. On the contrary, milk is a food, more important than bread, meat, potatoes or any other vegetable. There is no substitute for milk.

There are many things that will fill the stomach and satisfy the hunger of a young child, unless they contain the vitamins, however, they will bring no growth or health.

"Vitamins" are nobody can explain very well. I speak of them as the "soul of the food." Certain foods contain them in varying quantities, and it is these substances taken as food do not have them.

They are richly present in butter fat. The cream of milk teems with them. Skim-milk has no vitamins. Cow's milk, while not exactly like human milk, is—after his own mother's milk—the ideal food for the child. In infant life cow's milk may require certain preparation, "modification." It is called, but after one year of age the right sort of milk is the ideal food.

No matter what its price may be, every child should have at least one quart of milk each day. No matter how poor the mother, a way must be found to give the child this essential to his life and future usefulness. Every mother should know that milk is just as essential to an infant and young child as air and water.

Milk is the complete food, capable of making bone, muscle and nerve. Without it, the child will be undernourished. If he lives to adult life he will be under-sized and probably undeveloped in mind as well.

To keep the child properly fed, the child is likely to fall victim to any wasting disease, all the contagious diseases, and, particularly, tuberculosis. To insure long life and an equal chance with every other person, the child must be properly nourished.

Neurishment depends on the right amount of the proper food. It is the duty of the family and of each city, state and nation to see that this ideal food is given every child in the quantity he needs to keep him well and help him to grow in mind and body.

Answers to Health Questions.

MRS. E. F. O. Q.—My daughter, who is 14 years old, is 5 feet tall and weighs 115 pounds. Will you please tell me what her correct weight should be?

A.—Your daughter should weigh about 105 pounds. However, weight is entirely a matter of individuality.

Q.—I have a young child who is 18 months old. He is 28 inches tall and weighs 25 pounds. Is this a good weight for him?

A.—Yes, that is a very good weight for a child of that age. He is well developed.

Q.—I have a young child who is 2 years old. He is 30 inches tall and weighs 30 pounds. Is this a good weight for him?

A.—Yes, that is a very good weight for a child of that age. He is well developed.

Q.—I have a young child who is 3 years old. He is 36 inches tall and weighs 35 pounds. Is this a good weight for him?

A.—Yes, that is a very good weight for a child of that age. He is well developed.

Q.—I have a young child who is 4 years old. He is 42 inches tall and weighs 40 pounds. Is this a good weight for him?

A.—Yes, that is a very good weight for a child of that age. He is well developed.

Q.—I have a young child who is 5 years old. He is 48 inches tall and weighs 45 pounds. Is this a good weight for him?

A.—Yes, that is a very good weight for a child of that age. He is well developed.

Q.—I have a young child who is 6 years old. He is 54 inches tall and weighs 50 pounds. Is this a good weight for him?

A.—Yes, that is a very good weight for a child of that age. He is well developed.

Q.—I have a young child who is 7 years old. He is 60 inches tall and weighs 55 pounds. Is this a good weight for him?

A.—Yes, that is a very good weight for a child of that age. He is well developed.

Q.—I have a young child who is 8 years old. He is 66 inches tall and weighs 60 pounds. Is this a good weight for him?

A.—Yes, that is a very good weight for a child of that age. He is well developed.

Q.—I have a young child who is 9 years old. He is 72 inches tall and weighs 65 pounds. Is this a good weight for him?

A.—Yes, that is a very good weight for a child of that age. He is well developed.

The Daily Story

SANTA IN BRASS BUTTONS.

By Archie Cameron New.
Mary Miles, as she stared across the street from the Metropolitan Dairy Lunch to the window display of Wilson & Co.'s department store, rising six imposing stories above the busy street, reflected on romance and luxury. True, she wanted to be loved for herself alone, but with Dan Rourke's assurance, she could bring light even to a blind man's eyes, could prevent one of those richly-clad, important-looking men in the passing throng from loving her with equal ardor?

And Patrolman Dan Rourke, happening along as usual as Mary left for home, failed to understand her abstraction as she answered his usual greeting listlessly.

"I'm off tonight, darlin'," he whispered into her hair. "How about a movie?" But as he took her arm she wriggled away.

It had to come sooner or later, thought Mary. What chance to attract a moneyed cavalier with a policeman always at her side?

"Not tonight, Dan—nor any more," she told him, trying to ease his evident hurt with a soft smile. "Can you see, Dan, they'll think I'm a shop-lifter—you takin' my arm that way. Please."

"But, darlin'," protested Dan, dumfounded. "They'll know different. An' later, when ye're Inspector Rourke's wife, they'll be smilin' at ye."

"I'm not even Officer Rourke's wife now," she answered, mildly positive, "and I won't ever be. And, Dan, I'm in a hurry."

Dan stared dumfounded as she left him and hurried for her car. What could be the matter? And just before Christmas, too!

'Twas the day before Christmas and Wilson & Co.'s windows shined with their charms, not only for Mary Miles and other thousands but also for little Petey Rollins.

"Geel!" exclaimed Petey, his smug nose pressed against the toy window. "Geel!"

And back in the alley, whence Petey now drifted there were more of the big drays, and as he leaned against a wall a full dray rumbled by noisily under its overloading load, dropping as it passed a box that fell and broke.

Fate had answered Petey's most devout wish! There—in the alley—lay a pair of skates! He rubbed his eyes unbelievably then advanced cautiously, picked them up and clutched them in his tiny arms. Lost! And he had found them! His own—a gift from Santa!

"Hey, you!" A harsh voice broke on Petey's ear and a heavy hand fell on his slender shoulder. A grumpy shipping clerk glared at him. "So that's your game, eh? Yer th' guy that's been liftin' stuff off th' drays? Come over w' me!"

"An' Petey, fer goodness sake, after much shoving, in a sumptuous private office on the third floor. Across a large flat-topped desk a young man glowered at him, then barked an order to the clerk.

"Please, mister," sobbed the urchin, "don't send for th' cops. I didn't steal 'em. They dropped outa th' wagon. Honest, they did. I seen 'em fall out an' was lookin' at 'em. Please, mister, I ain't got no—"

"Officer!" broke in young Mr. Wilson to Dan Rourke, who had just entered, "we've caught the young scamp who's been stealing from our wagons. He's got the goods there now. See."

"Oh, Mr. Rourke," Petey tugged at Dan's coat. "Honest, I ain't been stealin'. These skates fell outa th' wagon. I found 'em, honest I did. I ain't—"

"Are ye sure, Mr. Wilson?" asked Dan, hesitating. "I know this kid—know his mother, too. They're honest folks. Maybe there's some mistake—maybe he did find—"

"He's got the skates, hasn't he?" snapped Wilson, impatiently. "And he don't deny they're ours. We must make an example of him. Besides, with smug righteousness, "Huh! he trying to spoil some child's Christmas? Do your duty, officer. Take him away. And, er—have the hearing day after tomorrow. Tomorrow's Christmas, and I can't get away from my—"

"The hearin'!" "I'll be tomorrow," snapped Dan, grimly, as he reluctantly colored Petey. "A shame!" he added, leading the sad little prisoner out of the office.

Dan, looking over at the Metropolitan Dairy Lunch, saw it was dark, and Mary had gone home. Christmas wouldn't be happy for him—without Mary. And just then a thought struck him, and he dashed into the corner drug store and wriggled into a tiny telephone booth. He got her boarding house and then, after a minute, heard her voice.

"Mary," he spoke hurriedly, "did ya see a little kid pick up some skates in Wilson's alley about an hour ago?"

"Yes," she answered, then puzzled in her voice gave way to a mischievous grin. "Did you lose 'em? And how did you know I saw it?"

"I saw you looking out," he answered, ignoring the discrepancy. "Whenever I'm at that corner, it's you I be lookin' for. But Mary, I'm askin' ye, meet me at the station house at 9 tomorrow mornin'."

"Dan, are you crazy? Tomorrow's Christmas day."

"I know it," he answered, soberly, "but for that kid's sake, Wilson had him pinched for stealin' th' skates. He'll be tried before his honor at 9 tomorrow. Will you be there?"

Dan heard her answer, "Yes," and thought her hesitation due to disappointment. He knew differently at the hearing.

"And so," flared Mary, as Wilson and his clerk concluded their testimony the following morning, "so ye're callin' this little kid a thief?"

"Why not, Miss Miles?" protested Wilson, smiling at her ingratiatingly, and earning a frosty frown. "He had the goods and they're ours, and no one saw him fall from the wagon. Except the boy, and he's—"



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Christmas than I did." "Why, Dan," came a soft-voiced protest, "haven't you me?" Dan, wheeling sharply, gathered her into his arms. Santa—bringer of heavenly gifts—had remembered him. (Copyright, 1922, by McClure News Paper Syndicate.)