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Let Them Get a Financial Expert.

When Hon. Howard Ferguson suggests that one of his first moves will be the appointment of a financial adviser for the province of Ontario he is on safe ground.

It has been one of the weaknesses of provincial administration that finances have not always been in the hands of men who thoroughly understood the money markets, nor in the hands of men who fully appreciated the gilt-edge security of a loan with the backing of the province behind it.

The Advertiser has pointed out on several occasions that the city of London had been able to dispose of its debentures at a better price than that secured by the province of Ontario. Admitting that this is good business on the part of the city, it follows that it is bad business on the part of the province because a provincial bond is a much more saleable paper than a municipal offering.

It is possible to have a provincial treasurer scrupulously honest and well meaning in what he does, and at the same time not competent to handle the millions that go to make up the annual turnover in a province the size of Ontario.

Let Mr. Ferguson get the best man available; it will be a paying investment. An expert who can save a million is a good investment at \$10,000 a year.

The Canadian Senate Again.

Newspapers are raving over the action of the Canadian Senate in blocking a measure to permit the National Railways to build extensions in Western Canada that are long overdue.

The extension of these lines is simply a matter of reaching out after more business, and keeping faith with people who have fought on for years against most uneven transportation odds.

The Canadian Senate in this case has once more demonstrated its uselessness.

If it has a function to perform in Canadian public life, that function could just as well be performed by a body composed of one representative from each province. Canada has wearied of talk about "reforming the Senate."

The only effective reformation will come when the people turn the key in the front door of the place and nail a sign "Closed" over it.

Ontario Should Rule the Roads it Owns.

It would be interesting to know just how many cars have been smashed in Western Ontario over the week-end containing the holiday.

The garage man out in the smaller centers can tell his story, and the men who drive service cars for the city establishments can add a chapter as well.

Two things contribute to accidents in at least ninety per cent of the cases, (1) speed and (2) a refusal to be courteous to others who have a perfectly good right to be on the road.

The police force entrusted with the duty of looking after traffic on the country roads are not up to their business. Either that or the force is far too small. We still have the high-powered car whose driver thinks fifty miles a perfectly good and proper rate at cross-roads or any place else.

We are told by some that we must not be too hard on the tourist traffic that is coming to Ontario; that if we fine them or put them in jail for breaking the speed laws they will cease to come.

That sort of reasoning is the veriest nonsense. It would be just as logical to say that we ought to get a lot of them by pasting up signs that they can travel on the left or right side of the road and go sixty miles an hour and welcome.

The people of Ontario are paying for the roads here, and they are paying a good price for them. The people of Ontario welcome tourists who wish to come over here and abide by the laws of the people who are paying for the roads, but whether they are tourists or natives, the point might as well be made clear right at the start, that there are certain laws regulating travel and they are going to be enforced.

The verdict of any man who uses the roads much as that the average driver is a pretty sane sort of a chap, who realizes his responsibility for the safety of those in his and other cars.

Ontario wants and welcomes sane tourists on its roads. For all these it has wonderful scenery, great views of rolling fields, streams and lakes, fine herds and well-kept farms, tourist camps and good treatment.

Ontario does not want, and will not tolerate, the driver who mistakes the welcome of this province for a fool license to do as he wishes, and it might as well be demonstrated just as forcibly as possible that this province is able and prepared to deal with all such quickly and severely.

A Machine With a Poor Future.

A Berlin scientist, Dr. Scherbius, has invented a machine that will send or take in code wireless messages.

The idea of the machine is that it will be used by diplomats to make their secret work more effective.

The German scientist adds nothing to the world's joy when he brings in a weapon that makes international diplomacy more secret.

He might do much were he to bring out a huge highboard on which diplomacy could paste each move.

Secret diplomacy was one of the things the world yearned to see posted up in the casualty list of the world war.

When Young London Goes Swimming.

London Public Utilities Commission is doing a commendable work in providing swimming accommodation for the children and young folks of London. The idea of providing bathing suits and life guards is splendid. The roped-off areas in the river are known to have no holes or danger spots.

What a change, too, from the old days of swimming. Not many years ago there were no bathing suits at swimming holes. There were boys, yes, sir, naughty ones, who used to resort to that fine old game of "chaw raw beef." To the untrained let us explain that when one crowd came out and got dressed they at once set to the task of tying knots, good hard knots, in the clothes of those in the water. Said knots would come out, of course, but the chief sport was in having tied them.

An occasional snapper made his appearance in the old swimming hole, a few crabs and an odd blood-sucker as well. A small fire on the bank was the one sure way of dealing with the latter. Many a boy has made the mistake of trying to pull one off after it

became fastened to his toe. Just hold said blood-sucker over a hot coal and the rest is easy.

What's more, bathing suits are put through a wringer now down by the river in London. What do you think of that for style? These swimming places, supervised and clean, are good hot-weather spots. London's Public Utilities Commission is doing a good work in making safe places for the young folks to get into the water.

"There Were Ninety and Nine."

In a neglected cemetery plot at Fergus rest the remains of a fair-haired young man. There is only a slab to mark the spot and, like many another grave of similar kind, it would attract little notice but for one fact. That slab marks the resting-place of one about whom the lines of that fine old hymn, "The Ninety and Nine," were written.

Miss Elizabeth C. Clephane penned those wonderful words, which were afterward set to music by Ira D. Sankey. The combination of words and music is a pathetic song-sermon that has touched the hearts of thousands.

Miss Clephane's brother, so the story goes, had one failing, drink. He came of a fine old Scottish family, and his arrival in Canada was in the hope that a new country and new surroundings would give him a new start. As in many another case, he found that the conditions that had hurt him in the old land were waiting to hurt him on his arrival here.

It was in far-off Scotland, during one of the Moody and Sankey tours, that the words of the "Ninety and Nine" were first handed to Sankey, and during the progress of a great meeting he hummed to himself a tune for the words, rising to sing them at the close, the song having a wonderful effect. It became one of Sankey's favorite gospel messages from that day.

There have been other musical interpretations given to "Ninety and Nine," some of them outstanding in their musical excellence. None of them, however, seem so well suited to carry the heart story of a wayward brother in Canada and a loving sister in Scotland as the original tune, which finds its strength in the simplicity of its arrangement as well as in its commendable lack of anything that seeks to make the music greater than the words.

This Battle Must Be Won.

The Housewives' League of Toledo has a war on with the parks board of that city, which sought to make the girls and their gentlemen friends get out of the parks, where they were accustomed to go and spoon.

President of the Housewives' League must be a human sort of a person, because she has declared, "An occasional kiss can't hurt any girl."

With such a slogan the parks board stands in danger of being wiped off the map.

By all means, let these Housewife Leaguers keep up the battle for the free rights of a free people.

The Canadian Egg Market.

Prof. F. Elford of the poultry division of the experimental farm at Ottawa gives warning that there is likely to be a shortage of eggs next winter owing to the poor hatch of spring chicks and to the lateness of them. At present there are practically no eggs in cold storage, and it is generally at this season that the heaviest consignments are being made to these plants.

Prof. Elford also shows that the per capita consumption of eggs is greater than ever. The lesson is plain—those who have pullets coming on should take care of them.

Prof. Elford goes so far as to advise securing expert advice and assistance in order that the maximum of eggs may be secured. Under the circumstances, the poultry-keeper and the man or woman who has a few chickens in the backyard should do everything possible to take advantage of these conditions, and secure such information and knowledge as will enable them to get the best results from their hens. He expressed himself as being of the opinion that great good would be accomplished by having reliable information on the care of poultry broadcast in every possible way. Otherwise, he says, the Canadian people will not be able to eat their egg a day owing to scarcity and high prices.

Note and Comment.

Vacation time is that season of the year when the \$18 clerk puts on a flannel suit and lives at a \$40 hotel.

Two can make a quarrel, but there are always a number of others waiting around for a chance to chip in and make it a real affair.

Heard a preacher the other day saying that the leopard could not change its spots. Quite true, but a muskrat can change into a sealskin.

About the only people who can get their pictures in the paper now are young men who fish some drowning person out of the water and girls who are going to get married. We are in the midst of a hero-worshipping age.

People who cross streets in the middle of a block are called jay-walkers. Still, one might just as well be hit in the middle of a block, where it's quiet, as to go to the corner crossing where a crowd is sure to gather in a hurry.

NOTHING FOR DR. SAUNDERS.

(From the Ottawa Journal)

The supplementary estimates tabled in parliament this week provide an annuity of \$7,500 for Dr. Banting, the discoverer of insulin. That is meet and proper; but why no provision for Dr. Saunders, the discoverer of Marquis? Dr. Saunders' claim upon Canada is hardly less compelling than that of Dr. Banting. It is a claim backed by the historical fact that Dr. Saunders' discovery added untold millions to the wealth of this country. It is a claim, too, that is admitted by press, public and parliament, and which is made all the more imperative by the fact that Dr. Saunders is now in failing health. Yet the government, and for that matter, parliament, takes no action.

The thing is a disgrace to Canada. It is a particular disgrace to members of parliament who, only a year or two ago, swelled their own indemnities. And it reflects no credit upon either Conservatives or Progressives that they should accept the ministry's niggardliness without protest.

People often ask why it is that our young people with promise of achievement go to the United States. Hereafter they will put the question no more. They will simply recall our disgraceful treatment of one of the finest benefactors this country has ever known.

A Montreal mislister protests about the way in which friends pursue newly-married people with confetti, tin pans and old boots. The protest is well lodged, as the gas man, the electric man, the piano man, the grocer and the butcher man, the furniture man and the rent man all take up the chase immediately after. Others should stand to one side.

When a Feller Needs a Friend.



Rarebits by Rex

THE PIONEER'S COMPLAINT.

"Things ain't like they used to be,"
The ancient man cried bitterly.
"All the world looks queer to me
And life ain't right."
Today the gals turn up their nose
If ask to wear their mother's hose,
And tend the wicked pitcher shows
Most every night.

The boys ain't like they used to be,
Near every night they're on the spree,
Cavortin' round most giddily
To saxophones.

Big motor cars and pitcher plays
Is all that's thought of nowadays,
With new contraptions, like X-Rays
And telephones.

The young folks go to college now
To learn the way to milk a cow,
And when they've learned to steer a
plow.

"They join a frat."
"Things ain't like they used to be,"
The man repeated bitterly;
And some one whistled happily,
"Thank God for that!"

Isn't it wonderful how a girl manages
to put off getting fat until after
she gets married?

In these days you can't keep a good
thermometer down.

The law pinches a man for carrying
concealed weapons. But it
doesn't even molest him when he eats
garlic.

In counting up our bitter pills,
Our hard luck we condemn.
We find that many of our ills
Have "be" in front of them.

Why is it that the cakey-looking
relatives a man tries to disown al-
ways live in the same county with
him, and the wealthy and dis-
tinguished relatives he is always
bragging about live on the other
side of the continent?

If nature happens to give a girl
a good-looking face she goes around
acting as if she did it herself.

A handkerchief is a man's best
friend when he has a cold. Yet the
two always come to blows.

Some men are so lazy that if they
had a choice between hanging and
electrocution they would select the
electric chair because they wouldn't
have to stand up to die.

We prefer the man who never
says anything for a rainy day
to the fellow who lives as though he
believed it was going to rain every
day for the next fifty years.

A fashion expert tells men how to
dress well for \$2,000 a year. But if he
would tell us how to dress well for
\$15 a year he would have a bigger
audience.

After a woman gets to be over 40
she will tell you that mirrors aren't
what they used to be when she was a
girl.

Judging by the things we see lead-
ing them to the altar, some girls
must just naturally hate to work for
a living.

The male of the species is usually
larger than the female. But if you will
go to the zoo you will notice that the
lion's paw is larger than his paw.

It only takes the bride about a
year or two to realize she didn't
marry the best man at her own
wedding.

That street fakir on the market
square gets something for nothing
because he talks to a crowd that
wants something for nothing.

The robin lays three eggs a year,
A puny exhibition;
And I am very glad to hear
The hen has more ambition.

But a codfish lays a million;
And she doesn't brag a bit.
A cross between a robin and
A cod should make a hit.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and
is the kind of stranger some men
should get acquainted with.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

MUSIC FOR THE JOURNEY.

Songs in the house of my pilgrimage.—Psalms exix, 54.
How wonderfully the old Hebrew hymn book has been used.
With the music of psalms the shepherds and plowmen cheered their
toll in ancient Palestine; and to the same music the Galile boatmen kept
time as they rowed their barges against the swift current of the Rhone.
St. Chrysostom fleeing into exile; Martin Luther going to meet all
possible devils at Worms; George Wishart facing the plague at Dundee;
Wildlife on his sick-bed, surrounded by his enemies; John Bunyan in
the woodford jail; William Wilberforce in a crisis when his noble plans were
threatened with ruin—all stayed their hearts with verses from the
psalms.

The Huguenots at Dieppe marched to victory chanting the sixty-
eighth psalm; and the same stately war-song sounded over the field of
Dunbar.

The motto of England's proudest university is a verse from the
Psalms; and a sentence from the same book is written above the loneliest
grave on earth, among the snows of the Arctic circle.

It was with the fifth verse of the thirty-first Psalm that Jesus Christ
commended his soul into the hands of God; and with the same words, St.
Stephen, St. Louis, Huss, Columbus, Luther, Melancthon, and many
more saints of whom no man knoweth, have bid their farewell to earth
and their welcome to heaven.

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Your Health

WHAT THE X-RAY MEANS TO THE SCIENCE OF DIAGNOSIS.

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.,
United States Senator from New
York, Formerly Surgeon General
of Health, New York City.

In all injuries,
such as sprains,
after any accident
where there is
damage to the
joints, or in any
case where it is
possible a bone
has been frac-
tured, or splin-
tered, an X-ray
picture should be
taken.

In olden times
the surgeon had
to determine the
nature and extent of the injury by
"the rule of thumb"—guesswork and
judgment. Today, thanks to the
wonderful discovery of the X-ray, it
is possible to see exactly what has
happened. This addition to medi-
cal equipment has markedly simpli-
fied the work of the surgeon in many
fields. In accidents particularly it
is necessary nowadays to make use
of the X-ray machine. There is no
doubt that before the discovery of
the X-ray many a sprain was treated
as a broken bone. Persons fre-
quently wrote epistles to weeks and
suffered all the discomforts of the
classical treatment for fractured
bones, when their trouble was only a
simple strain or sprain that did not
demand such radical and long-
continued treatment.

It is also probable that many a
slight fracture, perhaps where a cor-
ner or splinter of bone was broken
off, was overlooked, and treated as a
sprain. Perhaps no great harm re-
sulted. Nevertheless, it is disturbing
to think something important was
made light of and wrongly treated.

All these old-time mistakes, quite
excusable under old-time conditions,
are unexcusable for now. Every com-
munity, no matter how remote, has
its X-ray equipment.

Unless there is prompt response to
treatment, what was thought to be a
strain or a sprain, is probably a con-
dition more important than was sus-
pected at first. It must be given
further study.

This is the point where the X-ray
operation enters. The magic of his
skill will soon determine the real
condition. All the hidden things will
be revealed and it will be determined
exactly what is wrong.

Too frequently in human experi-
ence what is thought to be a trifling
thing may be far-reaching in its ef-
fects. I do not believe in being fussy
about things or over-anxious, but
sprains and joint injuries always re-
quire careful consideration.

Every dispensary worthy of the
name is equipped with the X-ray and,
if you are poor, will gladly examine
your case without charge. Your doc-
tor, if he has not the equipment in

his own office, will send you to some
specialist in this line.

Early treatment is the important
consideration in sprains and strains,
as it is in every sort of injury to the
human body.

The immediate aid of your doctor
may spare you months and even years
of trouble.

Answers to Health Questions.

A READER, Q.—Will you kindly
tell me what causes dreaming?

2. What can I do to remedy a bad
breath?

A.—Dreaming may be caused by
indigestion, intestinal trouble, con-
stipation or nervousness. If any of
these conditions exist, correct them,
and your symptoms will disappear.

3. An offensive breath is due to
constipation, decayed teeth or dis-
eased tonsils. Locate the cause and
then treatment will be given.

D. A. B. Q.—My kneecap has be-
come misplaced about three times
during the past year. Will you kindly
tell me what causes this?

A.—Strap your knee very tightly
with adhesive tape for about two
weeks. This will help to strengthen
the muscles and ligaments in your
knee.

MRS. L. E. P. Q.—Will you kindly
advise me what to do for hot, dry,
aching feet?

A.—Bathe the feet twice daily and
change stockings often. Do not wear
the same pair of shoes for any length
of time and see that the shoes are
properly fitted. Drink water in abun-
dant.

AN INTERESTED READER, Q.—
Will you kindly advise me as to the
cause of brittle finger-nails?

A.—This condition is due to some
constitutional disorder, such as
anemia or some nutritional disor-
der, and very often to the use of hard
water and caustic soap. Find the
cause and treatment will suggest it-
self.

MRS. M. R. Q.—I have a growth
about the size of a marble on my
head and several smaller ones on my
body. Will you please tell me what
this is and what treatment is best, as
I fear to undergo an operation?

2. Is it all right to give chicken to
a child who has been sick with scar-
let fever about six weeks?

A.—Apparently you have wens.
These can be removed under a local
anesthetic and I would suggest that
you consult a surgeon or apply at a
hospital clinic without delay for
treatment. Surgical treatment is the
only cure for this trouble.

2. Yes, it is all right for you to in-
clude chicken in the child's diet.
X. Y. Z. Q.—I am a young woman
18 years old and at times I have
severe pains in my stomach when I
breathe. This usually occurs in the
morning while I am in bed and very
often wakes me. Will you please tell
me what causes this and what to do
for it?

A.—Probably constipation, flatu-
lence or gas causes this condition.
For further particulars enclose a
self-addressed, stamped envelope and
re-state your question.
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ture Service, Inc.)

Looking Abroad

By DOUGLASS McREYNOLDS.

The innumerable photographs re-
cently printed of Mr. Stanley Bald-
win indicate beyond doubt that the
new British prime minister pos-
sesses a distinctive tag by which
he will be identified by posterity.
The world likes to connect some
definite characteristic or fad with
the men who figure in history, and
of the British prime ministers, Dis-
raeli is best remembered by his
primrose and peacock; Gladstone
by his wood chopping; Melbourne
by his contempt for watches ("I al-
ways ask my servant the time and
he tells me what he likes"); Wel-
lington by his nose; Pitt by his two
bottles of port and Chatham by his
gout. As to Mr. Lloyd George, there
would seem to be doubt as to what
characteristic will fix him in the
minds of future generations, al-
though it is said that his hobby is
singing Welsh hymns; and as to
Mr. Asquith, perhaps "Margot's
Journal" will be the most enduring
reflection of his individuality.

Mr. Baldwin, however, has ar-
ranged in advance with history as to
his tag. It is his briar pipe and his
English look. None but an English-
man ever had that face. Written all
over it is what Burke called "the
ancient and inbred integrity and
good humor of the English people."
In the many photographs there is
always the slight pucker of the brow
and the smile suggesting the pro-
testing acquiescence of the man who
is compelled to be photographed, if
he must. While the left hand usu-
ally rests in the coat pocket it is
the right hand that is really charac-
teristic—resting on the knee, or hold-
ing the pipe, or rather clutching a pipe-
case, a common briar pipe with a black
mouthpiece—the kind of pipe that
sensible Englishmen smoke. It fur-
nishes the human touch that every
Englishman understands and in con-

sequence feels drawn to its owner.
The symbol of homeliness, of a
philosophic and ruminative tempera-
ment, of the preference of comfort to
luxury, it is eloquent.

There is no doubt that Mr. Bald-
win's pipe is the pipe of popularity
and that one result of his preference
will be to give a tremendous impetus
to pipe smoking and is likely to af-
fect the tobacco market. Straight
briars with black mouthpieces will
increase in price and fine cigars will
no longer be in such great demand.
Even Sir James Barrie may be dis-
placed as the idol of writers of ad-
vertisements for tobacco. His Lady
Nicotine will stand but little show
compared with "the prime minister's
favorite pipe."

For more than 200 years on rainy
days in London, there has been a lit-
tle dry patch on the wet roadway in
Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange.
This patch was caused by two bak-
ing ovens under the roadway belong-
ing to Birch's restaurant, founded in
1680, in the reign of William and
Mary. They so heated the road that
the rain was evaporated as soon as it
fell. The ovens have now been used
for the last time, and another inter-
esting city curiosity passes.

During the last 200 years, they
have baked pastry for many royal and
civil banquets at the Mansion House
or Guildhall. When Captain Cook set
out on an expedition in the resolution
in 1773, they were used for the fare-
well luncheon. One hundred and
forty-one years later they were used
to prepare a farewell luncheon to Sir
Ernest Shackleton before he left for
the Antarctic. New ones of a mod-
ern character, in an upper part of the
premises are to be used in their place.

"The Ten Books I Have Most Enjoyed"

By PHILIP MOELLER,
Playwright; author of "Moliere,"
"Mine Sand," etc.

"The Brothers Karamazov" (Dost-
toievski).

All the Greek tragedies.

"Leaves of Grass" (Whitman).

Keats' poems.

"Huckleberry Finn" (Mark Twain).

Autobiographies in general; in par-
ticular, Benvenuto.

Cellini.

Chekov's plays.

Browning's poems.

The Bible.

Shaw's plays.

Tomorrow: Cyrus LeRoy Bald-
ridge.

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Britain by North American Newspaper
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On Your Birthday

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

Dear friend of mine, since first we
met.

How many summer suns have set,
How many moons have climbed the
skies

And sh